

NANCY TO JOHN;

O R, T H E

WHORE to the J—.

A B A L L A D.

----- *And the Statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade's as honest as mine.*

BEGGAR'S OPERA.



L O N D O N:

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

LONDON

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NANCY to JOHN;
OR, THE
WHORE to the J—:
A BALLAD,
To the TUNE of DERRY DOWN.

I.



HILE you, my dear — preside o'er the laws,
And, neglecting the greater, find out the small flaws,
Permit an old friend to address you in print,
And how you *should* act, to endeavour to hint.

Derry down, &c.

II.

Whenever you hear of a murder or rape,
Tho' you scarcely will *stare*, yet you surely may gape;
And, instead of dispatching your folks in a flurry,
Tell 'em business is never well done in a hurry.

Derry down, &c.

III. But

III.

But if you've intelligence kindly convey'd,
Of a good-natur'd master who lies with his maid,
Then make a great pother, by night or by day,
And if poor--- why the devils to Bridewell convey.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

In the next place--- pray take it, good fir, as 'tis meant,
Whenever your servants to Tyburn are sent,
A coffin you'll give --- and insist on a coach,
If they ride with the mob--- why, you bear the reproach.

Derry down, &c.

V.

When a set of young fellows, the sons of delight,
Are assembled to spend with old Shakespear the night;
In the heighth of their glee, and the midst of the scene,
Let your ill-looking myrmidons push themselves in.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Then seizing on Jaffier, or Romeo, or Bayes,
Let 'em swear that the law has forbidden all plays;
And except they will handsomely down with the cole,
D--- my blood, firs---away--- you must all to mill doll.

Derry down, &c.

VII. Twenty

VII.

Twenty whores in a cellar, all nabb'd in a minute,
 Shall pay you full well for the trouble there's in it;
 But a brim of large fortune is never your game,
 For her character's good, and unspotted her fame.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

If a bawd is behind-hand in paying her fees,
 Say—Madam, I cannot allow things like these;
 You must either discharge your arrears, or expect
 To be punish'd severely for such your neglect.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

Whene'er you have evidence clear as the sun,
 You may fairly conclude that the business is done;
 Except—and exceptions are always admitted,
Proper cause can be shown why the thief is acquitted.

Derry down, &c.

X.

But if your wise conduct the great ones should blame,
 My letter produc'd brings your foes all to shame:
 For how can those measures be other than good,
 Which D—n advis'd, and which —— pursued?

Derry down, &c.

XI. Adieu,

XI.

Adieu, my old friend—My old foe, fare ye well—
Be advis'd, and as fure as the devil's in hell,
At once you'll establisth a well-gotten fame,
And if you're not rich—I know who is to blame.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

Thus screening yourself by the laws of the land,
May you live to enjoy what your wisdom has plann'd;
And this maxim still hold as your guide in each scrape,
To hang the poor rogues, and let rich ones escape.

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Excuse, Mr. J——, my freedom herein,
And believe me, I do not regard you a pin:
This letter of mine you may put your own gloss on,
I'm above ye all now—and so your's——

N— D—

F I N I S.